

Blizz tribes, but with the Comanches, Apaches, Kiowas and Kickapoos. He resided in Memphis for several years. He practiced law there and was editor-in-chief of the Memphis Appeal. In 1868, he removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he remained until his death, April 2, 1891. Mrs. Pike died about the time the family removed to Washington. Of their children, only three lived to maturity.

He wrote but little poetry in the last twenty years of his life. It was in this period, however, that he wrote his best-known and only poem, "The Soldier's Grave." Of this he wrote two versions, and destroyed as far as he could all copies of the first version, as he thought the last one might be "Donna" delivered an address at Fargo, S. D., April 5, 1891, before the lodge of grand, held by the members of the Scottish highland society, and that of the 4th and 6th regiments of the 1st division of the 1st corps, in which he said:

"Alibert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of melody. A giant in body, a giant in intellect and in soul, he moved in the ranks of the world wherever he majored, on highway or byway, the gaze upon him, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him, and he was a king for that."

with the proportions of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo. A face and head massive and leonine, recalling in every feature some sculptor's dream of a man-god, his hair, flowing down his back, and over his shoulders, added a strikingly picturesque effect. The whole expression of his countenance telling of power, combined with gentleness, refinement and benevolence.

He was the author of more than twenty volumes of Masonic literature, besides the volumes of prose and poetry that gave him general fame. His legal practice brought him several fortunes. One fine some years ago amounting to \$300,000. His ear and eye and purse were ever open to the appeal of the needy or distressed, and his benefactions were beyond all enumeration. His bounty was reckless in its lavishness. In all the rush of his busy and eventful career he found time to counsel and comfort every worthy man or woman who came to him."

less to say, it would give me great pleasure to read again a genuine version of the beautiful "Cottage by the Sea."

St. Louis. GEO. W. TUTHILL.

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## MISCELLANY.

But no! You do the very thing  
For which outsiders get your slings!  
You network of hypocrisy,  
Mistaken the aristocracy!  
What are you but a great pretense—  
An ever-growing great expense—  
What is it but an endless strife  
And worry to enjoy "high life"?  
And when you fall in that long sleep,  
Who for your death an hour will weep?  
When your conscience, soaring so,  
Can hear Time's great unknown roar!